

THE BUIYER

Saturday, November 28, 1867.



(Drawn by R. NEWCOMBE.)

"Here be three ten-pun notes to put in your fob."—p. 147.

WRONG ON BOTH SIDES.

BY JOHN G. WATTS, AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE," "TALES AND SONGS," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"BESSIE, dear, look up! See how brightly the sun shines to-day; and remember how dull and dreary yesterday was; so shall it be with our fortune."

These words were addressed, one fine morning in the month of May, in an attic in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge, by Robert Hartwell to his sister, who sat propped up with pillows in an old arm-chair. Hither she had removed after her

mother and brother had been taken to the hospital, thereby gaining two advantages—change of air, and close proximity to the establishment whence she obtained work.

For a couple of months did that young woman battle for her daily bread, no small portion of the time in constant dread of hearing that her mother or brother, or both, had fled this world of dreams to that of everlasting realities. At length, to her great joy, she saw them out of imminent danger. Robert gained strength more rapidly than did his mother, and had been free of the hospital five weeks, at the moment when he was thus consoling his sister.

That Bessie was very ill, needed no second glance to discover. Yes, a week or two after the convalescent's return home, her overtaxed powers had given way, and for many days she stood in danger of needing a bed within the walls the other had so recently quitted. A low fever fell upon her; but, thanks to a purer air, and much kindness from the landlady of the house, the disease, in spite of her weak state, was vanquished, leaving her, for all that, in a very prostrate condition.

Two or three hours' work a day was as much as Robert could find strength at first to perform; but he soon, in spite of spare diet, grew stronger. Alas! when he was in condition for full service, he could not get the work to do. His illness had forfeited for him his permanent situation, and he was only a casual labourer.

Bessie had listened to her brother's kindly words with a smile, and when he had done she softly replied, "Bob, dear, you're a good fellow, and always try to cheer me up; but I wish you would do what I desire: write to Uncle Giles—I don't say ask him for anything—but write."

"Never!" ejaculated the other, almost fiercely.

"Don't be so unforgiving."

"Bessie, darling, I'm not unforgiving; but you know we should never have seen the troubles that for months have beset our way, if our mother's brother had possessed the least feeling."

"Perhaps he meant well. He was a curious man, and had been to see us but once in eighteen years, though dear mother hardly let a summer pass without paying him a visit. His later letters seemed to show that he was labouring under very false impressions with regard to poor dear pa's habits."

"There, I can't give in, dear," cried Robert, jumping up and running into the back attic for his hat. He returned directly, smiling, and continued, "Now, I'm not going to argue with you any further, but I'll out and see if I cannot earn you a nice little dinner for to-morrow. There, throw this old shoe after me for luck," placing a slipper in her hand. "The landlady says she'll be up to see you presently. It's very kind of her letting

me have the other attic for a shilling a week, and unlimited credit. Well, there are some good people in the world, after all; ah, and mind now you don't get crying, as I found you'd been doing the other day, while I was absent. Good-bye, and God bless you."

"Good-bye, and God bless *you* Bob," sighed she.

"All right," he returned, stopping at the door; "now then for the old shoe."

"There! if you must have it," and the sick girl feebly tossed the slipper in the direction he was taking.

"Good-bye," once again came from the stout-hearted fellow, and away he hurried on his errand.

CHAPTER IV.

THE old shoe was not true to its tradition that day, for Robert found no employment, and indeed for a whole month afterwards his earnings were but small. Meanwhile, his sister, amid all drawbacks, gradually mended, and presently was able to resume work; Mrs. Hartwell too improved, and at length was restored to her children. One morning soon after that gratifying event, Robert arose more depressed than usual.

"It seems to be of no use struggling here any longer," he said; "but there are other places where youth and industry are sure to stand a fair chance. You know, mother," he urged, "that I am not afraid of hard work. If we had only money enough to carry us to Australia, our fortunes would be made."

Both mother and sister cast inquiring looks at each other, and then agreed that the idea was a good one; but where was the money to come from?

"Let me write to Uncle Giles," said the widow.

"No, mother, I will never consent; I would die first!"

"Robert, you are too hard in your judgments, and such conduct brings its own punishment. When I listened to your advice to return unopened your uncle's letter, I was bowed down by the greatest grief I had ever suffered, and scarce knew what I was about. I certainly, afterwards, believed we should be able to make our way, and then I fondly thought, when we no longer stood in need of help, that I would seek out my brother, and, while speaking words of forgiveness, show him how much he had wronged your father."

"Mother, I could not let you humble yourself to one who so little cares for you. It strikes me that the Government grants assistance, though I do not know the qualifications necessary to obtain it. At all events, I feel certain, if the Government won't do anything for us, that there's a society specially devoted to sending respectable women out to colonies free of expense, and I might manage to work my passage over. I'll go to-day and see what I can learn respecting such things."

After having been to the wharf to see if his services were likely to be needed, and finding they were not, our hero started for the office of a certain shipping agent in Fenchurch Street, whereat he purposed making the proposed inquiries. Passing through a lane running from Eastcheap, his eye suddenly fell upon a doorknob, whereon stood, in modest unflourished letters, this inscription: "Tussle and Twine, Solicitors." Tussle and Twine! why, they were the London agents for the attorney in whose office he had been copying clerk. He wondered if they could give him anything to do, in the event of his emigration scheme failing. He would call in, as he came back, and perhaps, if they had nothing for him, they might be acquainted with some firm that did want assistance. He was on the point of pressing forward when he kicked against a small parcel. He stooped and picked it up. As he did so it opened in his hand. He started, turned pale, thrust it into his bosom, hastened into the office, and asked to see one of the principals.

"Name!" inquired a boy perched on a high stool.

"I am on important business, but my name is unknown to the firm," was the reply.

Requesting him to take a seat, the boy, an active little fellow, with eyes that were all over you in an instant, hopped off his stool and disappeared behind a green baize door. He returned in a few seconds, saying that Mr. Tussle would very shortly be disengaged. About five minutes afterwards a full, strong voice called down a tin tube, which terminated just under the ear of the before-mentioned boy as he sat on his perch, "Ask the gentleman to walk up."

Hurrying in the direction pointed out, his heart throbbing fast and heavily, Robert tapped at the door.

"Come in," cried the lawyer. He obeyed. A long-limbed, wiry, red-faced, white-haired man of fifty to fifty-five was sitting behind an office table near the window. He looked up and surveyed him with knitted brows, and then sharply asked, "Your business, sir?"

"Oh, I wish to inquire, sir, if"—(the other referred to his watch, and made a note of the time upon his blotting-pad)—"if anybody coming into or going from your office has recently lost anything?"

The lawyer started and pricked up his ears like a terrier at the sight of a rat. "Eh! lost anything? What do you mean?"

"Simply that I have found something near your doorstep, of great importance to the owner."

"What is it? documents or a—"

"I shall not state what I have found. If neither you nor any of your people have sustained the loss to which I allude, the matter is at an end

between us, and I shall go on and lodge what I have picked up with the police."

"If you'll be good enough to give me a minute," cried the other, growing quite excited, "I'll make inquiries."

He called down the tin tube, "Jackson, tell Mr. Winkle to come up;" and Mr. Winkle did come up accordingly. He was a thin old man, in very shabby black, with a stoop in his shoulders—a thin white face, and thin white fingers like the claws of a bird.

"Who has gone out of the office lately?" inquired Tussle.

"Nobody, sir, has gone since Mr. Twine and the country gentleman."

"Has anybody in the office lost any money or—did you say it was money?" turning to Robert.

"I did not say what it was," he replied.

"I've not heard of any loss in the office myself, sir, but I'll go down and inquire."

"My good man," interrupted the prize-holder, "you need not trouble yourself. What I have found is of too much importance to have been entrusted into the hands of any clerk in this office, without coming through one of the principals."

The old man was fumbling the handle of the door while these remarks were being made, when all at once he was sent flying by a little sallow-faced, grey-eyed man in a white neckcloth and clerical-cut coat and waistcoat, who plunged into the apartment, breathless with alarm and hurry. He was followed by a middle-aged, country-looking man, who walked a little lame, and who also appeared considerably agitated.

"Here's our friend lost his pocket-book!" gasped Mr. Twine, for he it was who had so nearly overset the ancient clerk.

"Yes, between here and the Bank."

"What sort of a pocket-book was it?" asked Robert.

All eyes were instantly turned on him, while the countryman cried, "A large black un, wi' a brass clasp, and J. G. upon it."

"What did it contain?"

"Seven hundred pounds in notes and twenty suvrins."

"I found it by the doorstep" said the restorer, quietly, "not ten minutes ago."

"And most honestly and honourably walked into this office to inquire if we knew the owner," observed Tussle.

"That's mor'n many 'ud ha' done," cried the countryman; "and now, young gentleman, you've acted as ye'd like to be acted to, and so, as an acknowledgment o' your manly integrity, there be three ten-pun notes to put in your fob."

Our hero turned away from the money, but the other followed him up with, "Catch hold," and pushed them into the breast of his coat.

Self reliance had ever been Robert's ruling impulse, and accepting money as a reward for merely an act of simple honesty, at once struck him as not the right thing—as, indeed, robbing the deed of much of its virtue. “Gentlemen,” said he, “though ashamed to accept these notes, yet money is of the utmost importance to me. For months I have been in London seeking a situation, until I am in the condition you behold. I was on my way to a shipping agent's, to ascertain if by any means I, with an ailing mother and weakly sister, could get sent out to Australia, when I was so fortunate as to find that pocket-book. Now, if, instead of giving me this money, you will kindly assist in furthering my wishes, or better still, of helping me into any moderately remunerative employment, I shall feel myself your debtor to the end of my days.”

All were perfectly mute for some seconds, and then Mr. Twine asked, “What have you been accustomed to, my young friend?”

“Before I came to London, I was copying clerk in an attorney's office.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed both lawyers in a breath.

“Yes, at Mr. Joyce's, at Millington. You were his agents?”

“Yes!”

“What's your name?” asked the countryman, with great eagerness.

“Robert Hartwell.”

“My nephew!” He would have caught him to his arms, but Robert shrank away.

“Don't shun me, my lad—don't shun me. I understand your feelings, and I deserve your scorn; but learn to forgive: John Giles has had his trials, rest assured. I have borne the punishment meted me by my Maker, I hope meekly. Your mother and sister, where be they?”

“They are in London, sir.”

“Oh, take me to 'em at once. Gentlemen,” turning to the lawyers, “I was not prepared for this; I will call and see ye to tomorrow morning.”

Robert, who was not less surprised than his uncle, bade Messrs. Tussle and Twine, good day, not wishing to give vent to his feelings before them, and hurried down-stairs into the street. The farmer followed, and soon the two stood side by side.

“I could not speak to you in the presence of others,” observed the younger, “but now we are alone I must tell you, sir, if you really are my uncle—you know I never had the pleasure of seeing you before—that while I regret to hear you have been so seriously afflicted as you say, yet it will be impossible for you and me ever to hold commerce, and I shall not think of allowing you to see my mother.”

“Don't say that, Robert—pray don't!”, earnestly pleaded John Giles. “I know I've been a bad

fellow, but perhaps not quite so bad as you think. Heaven is witness” (the tears coursed rapidly down his cheeks) “how hard I've striven to find ye out, that I might make amends: that is, what feeble amends were in my power.”

Robert himself was visibly moved.

“You will let me come home wi' ye, and see my sister, if for only once, that I may explain all and ask her forgiveness. My heart is not what it was, or I should not stand suing in the public streets. You will now, won't ye?”

That afternoon John Giles sat beside his sister in the garret at Knightsbridge. Bessie and Robert were there also.

“We were all mistaken,” said he, after listening to the sad story of his brother-in-law's last struggle and eventual decease, “and I, sorely, very sorely. Prosperity made me forget my duty to my Maker and neighbour; but God in mercy rebuked me. A few days after my letter to you, finally declining further assistance, a murrain broke out among my cattle. In less than a week more than half my stock was dead. My anxiety carried me into a fever, which, though it began to abate in twelve or fourteen days, left me but a baby in strength. Now, when I could no longer go about my usual business, and was entirely thrown upon myself, I began to understand how rotten a staff I had taken to lean upon. Many years o' my life had been spent in utter disregard o' every duty. Self had been my sole study. I had cared for nobody, and now I fretted to find that nobody cared for me. Not a soul came to my bedside but my servant and the doctor. What was the use of all my money to me now? I fell into deep fits of despondency; thought of the harsh manner in which I had acted to you, and would have given anything to have called any one of ye to my chamber, but was ashamed after what I had done. One morning the pastor of the church, to which I never went, and whom I had often gone out of the way to insult, hearing of my sickness, dropped in, and, like the Good Samaritan, poured balm upon my wounds, and spake many a word o' sweet counsel. He came again and again, till at last, under his holy ministrations, I was led to prostrate myself, with all my weight o' cares, at those feet that never yet from the truly penitent turned away, no matter what his offences. My first act, on being able to take a pen in hand, was to write off to your husband, asking forgiveness for the harshness of my last letter, and begging to know if the help he had sought would be of any use to him now. My letter was returned to me unopened. It was a great blow, but I felt that I deserved it, and bore it with as much fortitude as I could command, resolving in my own mind that when sufficiently recovered to be able to travel, to visit Millington in person. I carried out the idea. Judge my grief

and astonishment, on reaching your town, to find Robert was dead, and that his family had departed no one knew whither. From that day my life has been one of unrest. This morning, however, I was rewarded beyond my deserts, by finding myself face to face with my nephew, under circumstances as gratifying to me as they were honourable to him."

"Uncle," said Robert, "I have cherished hard thoughts against you. Mother and Bessie have times and oft wanted me to write to you, but I

never would consent. Much of the misery they have had to contend with may have resulted from my obstinacy and want of forgiveness, but I thought you had so wronged my dear father—"

"My lad, much that you all have suffered was brought about by my first having forgotten my duty. The last lesson upon the cross was forgiveness, even of our enemies. Let us shake hands, forget the past, and make common cause in love for the rest of our lives."

"THEY SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES."

 T has been recorded, to the eternal praise of the Jewish citizens of Berea, that when the first preachers of the Gospel came there proclaiming a new religion, "they searched the Scriptures," to know whether the things asserted by the apostle were true or not. Hence they acquired a title to a nobility of spirit and independence of mind far higher than fell to the lot of the inhabitants of a neighbouring city, who, under similar circumstances, clung with a blind tenacity and stupid bigotry to the worn-out platitudes of their fathers, and, as the last resource of intolerance and ignorance, raised persecution against those who claimed the right to exercise that reason which God had given them, and think and act for themselves. "They searched the Scriptures"—worthy example for all successive generations, and the only sure method of arriving at definite conclusions regarding some of the most awful problems that concern human existence.

Once grant the Bible to be the Word of God, and no language can be too express in declaring the importance of an earnest, prayerful, and conscientious study of its sacred pages. We have said "prayerful," for in such a study we are bound to remember that though subject to the same laws of criticism with other books, the Bible differs from them all in this, that it requires a *spiritual* insight rightly to read its contents. It has to do with spiritual things, which can only be understood by those who are Spirit-taught. No prayer can therefore be more suitable, on such occasions, than that short, but expressive, ejaculation uttered long ago by David: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

The geography, natural history, chronology, &c., of the Scriptures, are subject to exactly the same kind of criticism that these sciences are when met with in other writings; but when we come to consider the plan of salvation as therein revealed, we

come at once into an atmosphere altogether removed from that which man ordinarily moves in—we are at once in an element of spiritual things, the doctrine concerning which we must accept from the plain grammatical teaching of those Scriptures themselves, receiving "as little children" whatever God has been pleased to reveal to us of himself, of ourselves, and of Christ the Saviour of the world.

The Bible being, as it professes to be, a revelation from God in heaven to man upon earth, touching the highest and most important subjects—subjects which concern his happiness here and hereafter: being thus a book *sui generis*, must it not be worthy of the deepest study we can bestow upon it? Even its *accidents*, so to speak, deserve our careful consideration. Whatever traces we find here of ethnology, geology, or any other science, should be studied, if possible, as they are studied nowhere else; and we rejoice to know that Bible-students in these lands, are coming more and more to see that nothing that concerns the Scriptures of God is without its importance. All sources of knowledge are being investigated to throw light upon its sacred page. The strata of the earth are being examined, ancient tumuli searched, musty records turned over, stony tablets spelled out, and the whole realm of Nature laid under contribution. Hence, we augur that a higher value than ever will be placed upon this sacred record, when, as we most implicitly believe, these various sources of information will be found to have thrown fresh light upon the Bible, and have combined with the words of Christ himself in testifying, "Thy word is truth."

Above all are the *word* and *letter* of Scripture worthy of our closest attention—that seamless garment with which the inspiring Spirit has been pleased to clothe eternal verities: and that attention they are gaining more and more every day. Bishop Ellicott's books on parts of the New Testament are models of what a close, critical investigation of Scripture ought to be, combining

as they do the strictest reverence with the most scientific method.

In thus *searching* the Scriptures, we ought to be like the miner who mines for *gold*. It is those who carefully sift the sands and break up the quartz who succeed in detecting the precious metal, that would otherwise elude observation; and it is those who sift the language and weigh the words of Holy Writ, that succeed in extracting the precious meaning that lies beneath the outer surface of the Word of God. To those who thus seek to plunge into the depths of that Word—to strike, as it were, right down to the living rock, until they touch the virgin stream, and open up the clear fountain and original of Scripture, may those words of the Canticles be not inappropriately applied: "Drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." The great Augustine, long ago, spoke of a first, second, and third draught of the Scriptures; and it is those who drink most deeply at this sacred fountain, who will return with fresh zest to quench their thirst for Divine things at this heavenly spring of knowledge.

Not only may the Bible be read as the infallible record of God's salvation, it may also be studied as an exercise at once elevating and refining to the human mind. "I use the Scriptures," said a great philosopher once, "not as an arsenal to be resorted to only for arms and weapons . . . but as a matchless temple, where I delight to contemplate the beauty, and the symmetry, and the magnificence of the structure, and to increase my awe and excite my devotion to the Deity there preached and adored."

The Bible testifies to its Divine origin, by the abounding *fulness* of its revelations. In this respect, it stands side by side with that other revelation contained in the book of Nature. Who will undertake to say he has fathomed all the depths of natural science, that he has explored the uttermost limits of creation, sounded all the depths of the remote past, and read the history of primeval ages, until the whole realm of Nature lies before him like a transparent globe full of light? And who will venture to say he has

sounded the depths of that *other* revelation, searched it from beginning to end, until it no longer contains a mystery, but lies before him like a clear, transparent page? He is but a shallow student in Divine things, who would yield to such a confession—one whose ignorance of the exceeding breadth of God's law can be only equalled by the spirit of lightness with which he approaches it.

It was not after this fashion the great master-minds of antiquity approached the study of the Scriptures. "In divinity," says Lord Bacon, "many things must be left abrupt, and concluded with this, 'Oh, the depth!' for the Inditer of Scripture did know four things which no man attains to know: the mysteries of the kingdom of glory, the perfection of the laws of Nature, the secrets of the heart of man, and the future succession of the ages." It is recorded of the same St. Augustine already referred to, that he hesitated long over a single psalm, and was only led to write a commentary upon it by the urgency of his friends; "because," he says, "as often as I essayed to think thereon, it always exceeded the powers of my intellect and the utmost grasp of my faculties."

Each student of the Bible, who approaches it in a right spirit, must ever feel how *little* the *much* he knows is, in comparison with those untravelled regions, the very outskirts of which, as it were, he has only entered upon. Is it too much to say that the fulness of that Word will only be perceived when "that which is perfect is come?" if even *then* we attain to "the full assurance of understanding," and shall not occupy the future ages in searching out the depth of those mysteries into which "the angels desire to look."

May these few words suggest to us a deeper sense of the majesty, fulness, greatness of that Book which is in all our hands, but the very commonness of which has a tendency to depreciate its value, owing to that natural infirmity whereby we are tempted to hold cheap that which is procured without much difficulty, and which lies, so to speak, at our very doors.

CHANGING.

DHE silence of the snows was on the earth,
The silence of the frost upon the stream,
The season sickened ere the spring had birth,
And life seemed slumbering in a deathly dream.
I cried, "How long until the hopes that seem,
Shall stand more real than the griefs that are?"
There was no answer in the chilling beam
That sought the earth as from a heedless star,
And the grey shades arose and wrapped the sun afar.

The glory of the summer on the land,
The beauty of the summer in the trees,
The earth lay open, like the hungry hand
Of Want to passing Plenty, and his fees
Of proud compassion, and the kindling seas
Made merry with the sunbeams; but I cried,
"Ah me! what pleasure in the things that please
Too much for pleasure, and for men supplied
In all too full a cup, which once were all denied."

The sorrow of the autumn in the leaves,
The music of sad winds upon the wood,
Came on my heart, as something that bereaves
Of good, and yet is dearer than the good.
Upon the summit of my joys I stood,
And life went floating like a mist away,
Bright with the tears that yet in nothing could
Abide, but vanished like the tints of day,
Hung in the fading west which are too pure to stay.

This was the cycle of my discontent,
Which ever did pursue those seasons round ;
Until my patience of the world was spent ;
And, wearied of the changing sky and ground,
Wherein no constant purpose can be found,
Then I looked upward from the rolling years,
Where, Ixion-like, my life was bound,
And saw, all glorious from His sometime tears
His face who changes not for mortal hopes or fears.

J. S. W.

A WORD UPON SAFEGUARDS.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

THE proverbs of this world are often supremely selfish; they often work death rather than life. It would be difficult to estimate the damage, for instance, that such wicked proverbs as these have done: "Every one for himself, and God for us all;" "Self's the man;" "Every man has his price." There are other kindred proverbs, which encourage revenge and incite to excess. But the proverbs of the Bible, by their spiritual beauty, attest its high and Divine authority; they are all such as to secure our highest well-being—such as we would wish written upon the lintels of our doors and the living pages of our hearts. There is one, for instance, which had some sort of reference to the Jewish law concerning landmarks: "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him;" and it is related to this very subject of safeguards. What a striking suggestiveness there is in it about the hidden and stinging retribution resulting from the neglect of safeguards. A serpent—something the man does not see or think of—is hidden in the tangled copse-wood. Wilst he may be looking to see if his neighbour is aching, or if an enemy is at hand, there, deep down in the very hedge-roots will be the silent, but sure avenger of his wrong-doing!

I need scarcely say that we are all surrounded in human life by many moral hedges, and that we need them. He who says he can do without them, prides, by the very pride of the confession, that he needs them most. Remove a man from surrounding restrictions and institutions, from Sabbath and sanctuaries, from the influence of right opinion and the salutary sway of good society, and he soon loses moral tone and influence. Our virtues are not only strengthened by example, but our vices are restrained by many small safeguards.

I am quite willing to admit all that my friend says bout moral strength coming from *within*. I kno full well that principle in the heart, and not pings in the life, is the surest protection from *evil*; but I am equally sure that this very

principle is weakened or strengthened in proportion as we are careful of little boundaries—propriety, decency, courtesy, delicacy, and sobriety. Directly a man begins to argue that this hedge of ordinances and that hedge of custom is nothing to him, it is time to look sharply after him. Beware then how you trust him with your name, your fame, your wealth, or your child. A man must be above the human, if he can do without the safeguards which keep others right; or else below the human, if he ignores the ordinary hedges of virtue and piety. Our blessed Saviour taught us carefully to preserve, as well as diligently to plant, hedges. He would have us compass the tent of our life by the surroundings of watchfulness and prayer. He never taught us to believe that we could bear up by an invincible resolution, or meet temptation with success, unless we had guarded the soul by devotion. We are to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation. Every broken hedge is a beginning of danger. When once the lamb leaves the sheepfold, we little know into what black and deep ravines of the wilderness it may wander. It may quickly be maimed on the rocks, or drowned in the torrents. Once out of the enclosure, the dangers in its path are thousand-fold. So in our life; once let us be persuaded that it is a little thing to break an old custom, or to neglect a known duty, and then the devil will suggest, "As well wander a mile as a yard;" and as the wily tempter excused to us our first fracture of the hedge as a very little thing, so he will turn that into a ready argument, why, having once commenced, we should go on in sin. All gross sins begin with little indelicacies; all vast impositions commence with little frauds; all black perjuries originate in little falsehoods. It is well, therefore, wisely to ponder what the first fracture of the hedge may hereafter lead to: light conversation will ere long become loose; words of exaggerated description will soon merge into equivoquing statements, and promises lightly broken, will become discounted at a cheap rate,

like bad or doubtful bills. Little trespasses through the hedge will at last end in making the opening a wayfarers' road.

To avoid any fracture, however trifling, in the hedge of honesty, chastity, or truthfulness, is a far sterner duty than it seems at first to be. The inspired and practical teachings of Scripture must, therefore, form our barriers against sin. The hedge will prove both useful and beautiful. God has planted it, and, like all his works, it combines the skill of wisdom with the strength of love.

It must be noticeable also to us, how minute are the elements of which a hedge is composed. See how the eager huntsman often turns aside from the high, prickly thickset hedge, through whose well-compacted branches even he cannot plunge his steed. But examine it carefully, and you will find that it is composed of little twigs. Thin and easily bent in their separateness, yet are they strong in their unity; and with prickly thorns and blended stems, they are, if not impregnable, not easily passable. Thus it will be found, when rightly examined, are the defences of the soul and the minute regulations of the Christian life. My friend may tell me that the inner principles of soul-life are few—faith, and hope, and love. Doubtless, these suffice; and in their simplicity of power lies our truest strength. Most true! and yet, to take but one of these principles—say faith—how is that trained, and nurtured, and protected from decay? Certainly by the Word of God, by meditation, by devout companionship, by religious reading, by blessed examples, and by communion with God through Christ. The east wind of scepticism may blow upon the best belief; it is wise, therefore, to keep strong the hedge of Scripture: the lion of the forest may roam through, therefore let no wandering thoughts be the open thoroughfares by which he may enter in. Every thoughtful student of life must see that he who neglects the little defences will soon surrender the citadel, and that he who breaks the hedge of delicate speech and devout demeanour, will find his fall not far off. Moral safety lies not in one act or habit, but in the mighty unity of little thoughts, and habits, and ordinances, which constitute the hedge of the Lord about the path of life.

The Divine hedge once broken, it may also be seen, is not very easily repaired. The surrounding of character, like the quickset of a hedge, is a growth: it is not like a broken wall, where you can raise the dismantled stones to their place again. Like the withered shrub, or the blighted herb, it takes some time for the life to grow again; and what watering and tending it then needs. Each man's experience tells him how attackable he is in the weakened places of his former defences. The gap remains! Some rude hurdle

may be stretched across it—but the break is there. After all, you can scale the hurdle or lift it: it is not like the invincible hedge itself. Grow again perchance it will; but that growth will be conditioned by time and care. The hedge once broken, how easy is the indulgence of any wayward or wicked habit! To rule the tongue, or restrain the temper, or curb the passion, when falsehood, anger, or desire rush to the breach and take advantage of the broken hedge, is hard and hot work indeed. Christian duty, therefore, in these respects is clear! How diligently ought all men to look to their defences and the safeguards of their folds, and to thank God for Sabbaths and sanctuaries and sermons, customs of early days, memories of home, decencies of demeanour, and strictnesses of speech inculcated in life's beginning, for friends that are dead and gone, for family altars, and many more "quicksets" in the hedge of influence. All experience says, "Each man ought to preserve these safeguards, and strengthen this hedge, for it surrounds the mansion of his earthly happiness and the spiritual sanctuary of his immortal soul!"

The proverb, to which reference has been made in this paper, speaks of a bitten heel—"a serpent shall bite him." How true this description is to nature! We see no danger, and *at first* feel no pain. Soon, however, the ankle begins to swell; the limb becomes contorted; the tongue becomes parched;—and lo! a serpent, hidden and venomous, has bitten the heel. Type this of the penalties of sin—so silent, but so sure—so certain in their advent, and so frightful in their end! Is not this very figure used in relation to the vice of intemperance? When the hedge of sobriety is broken by the carousal and the cup, at last the stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder.

How true this is of non-attendance at the house of God—whether it be the city sanctuary, or the sweet village church. Full of wisdom is the Divine injunction, "Not to forsake the assembly of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." Behold yonder is a man who significantly said he could worship God as well in Nature—that he could be as devout in his own room—as in the church of God, and that he knew full well the rocks and reefs in the voyage of life! In one word he simply said that church and clergy too were alike a mistake upon the part of God.

But did he worship God in green fields?—did he draw as near to the Redeemer in his private room?—had the pilot no duty to discharge towards his soul in the sanctuary?—had the shepherd no need to watch for his soul in the church? Look and see what his end has been! Did he not cease to read God's Word, and neglect to pray?—was he not in time the prey of illicit appetite and lawless desires?—was not the reach



(Drawn by E. M. WIMPERIS.)

"The silence of the snows was on the earth,
The silence of the frost upon the stream."—p. 150.

in the hedge gradually widened, until the sacred enclosure of piety became part and parcel of the common wasteland of the wicked world, no more to be distinguished as the garden of the Lord?

The same truth is seen in relation to sceptical inclinations. When one little branch is broken, another soon follows: one Christian doctrine is doubted, a second is denied, a third is disparaged. Devotion is looked upon more as having a reflex influence on the mind, than as an asking and receiving from God. Sin is looked upon rather as folly than as guilt. Eternity is thought of rather as a may-be than a must! One step further, and then the sceptic considers his former companions superstitious and their conduct righteous overmuch! He wonders that his friends have never emerged into the liberty, or rather the licence, which he himself enjoys. The day comes, however, in his history, when the raven of sorrow rests upon his heart. Health fails, or some dear one dies; he is left alone then! In the worst sense, alone! Once he fought against belief, and now, what would he not give to believe? Tell him of the land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, and he draws his hand across his brow and looks distraught. Whisper to him of the Divine Fatherhood, and, alas! he has already said, There is no God! In the hopeless helplessness of such sorrow—in the quivering lip and the desolate heart, surely there is evidence enough—that the bitten heel follows the broken hedge.

Most manifest, however, is this truth in relation to loose and profligate habits. It is sad enough to see prodigal after prodigal taking with him his heritage of health and energy, and spending it upon the husks of sensual pleasure! Woe to those parents who see the early hedge-breaking, and merely say, "Ah! young men will be young men;" and then, with a knowing wink, add, "We sowed our wild oats once; ay, Jones?" Of all

sorts of wrong, no parent can inflict worse wrong on his sons than to be guilty of utterances like these! Surely *they*, too, in silent hours, have felt the serpent's sting coming with the memory of dissipated days and dishonourable deeds! The serpent is in every profligate's path; his sting will come in the memories of bygone days—in the wretched, unstrung nerves—in the enfeebled body—in the lost respect—in the dread anticipations of the future judgment! None who wish to avoid serpents can take too much care of their safeguards. Banish that man at once from your table and your circle who deals in "double entendres," and whose eye suggests the evil which his speech is not bold enough to utter. He who gives up any safeguards gets corresponding sorrows. Dishonesty, injustice, wrong, trickery, or chicanery leave fractures in the hedge of principle, where the enemy will come in to avenge himself. Naboth's vineyard may be gotten, but the getter thinks not of the penalty with the property. In all life we have need to remember that no one can really hurt us save ourselves. All other harm is seeming, but not real. It cannot touch the *me*! It may reach to our fame, or our estate, or our person; but it cannot main *me*. God is no respecter of persons. "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent shall bite him." King David shall suffer as much as his meanest subject, and afterwards all his bones will be out of joint. The Divine law takes no cognisance of riches or rank. We are all temptable, or, as the old divines used to say, we are all peccable; and, depend upon it, we shall all be peccant, too, in the worst sense, unless we keep the hedge of God's inspired Word about our path, and tend it well with watchfulness and prayer. Tend your safeguard, and you secure your soul. "Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments." "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy Word."

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MARKED FOR THE AXE.

DAYS passed over Delaube before the shadow of death was lifted from the house; but at length a respite came. Whether by the prompt use of remedies, or by the power of nature, Gilbert Oglivie came back to conscious life. Though never again to rise from the bed on which he lay, the doctor had pronounced it possible that he might still have years before him, and on that

possibility his grandchild set about ordering the affairs of the little household.

In the dim dawn of consciousness, it was that tender face of hers that hovered over him, and carried a soothing influence even into his dreams. When he came out of the shadow, she was by his side; when he looked at her with eyes of recognition, and murmured, "Is that you, little one?" it hardly needed her exclamation of gladness to assure him that one, at least, welcomed him back to life.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she had cried; and, after a pause, he answered, in a broken whisper, "I did not

think to live to make any one glad that I should still live on, little one."

From that day, Gilbert Oglivie was changed. He had never been impatient with Peggy, who was now his nurse and constant companion; but all impatience, all moroseness and gloom, seemed gone from him. He had grown gentle and easily guided as a little child.

Meantime, Jean crept about the house in a feeble and dejected way, as unlike her former self as possible. She was one of those people who can bear any amount of bodily burdens, but who sink under responsibilities of a more serious kind. Poor old Tammas had become utterly unfit for outdoor work; the oats had perished—were rotting on the field; winter was close at hand; and, unless immediate steps were taken to procure a fresh supply, both food and fire would fail them. This was a rather dismal prospect in a house which might be snowed up for six weeks at a time.

One day Peggy wanted something for her grandfather which Jean's limited larder could not supply, and when the anxious nurse ventured to suggest that it might be procured in the village, "Where's the siller to come frae?" burst from the old woman's lips, with a sob of grief and impatience; and sitting down on a chair, she threw her apron over her head, and, for the first time in Peggy's experience, began to cry.

"You're ill and tired, Jean," said her young mistress, laying a caressing hand on the old woman's shoulder, on which she uncovered her face, and saying, testily, "I'm no ill, and I'm no tired," proceeded to lay bare the utter poverty to which they were reduced—the starvation which stared them in the face.

"Has grandfather no money at all, Jean?"

"It's a' done long syne," was the answer. "He told me himsel', the last time I spoke to him about something that was wanted. I thought o' speakin' to him about sellin' some o' the wood again: he did that when Mr. Louis was here. The belt at the foot of the hill was cut doon then; but I was feared to speak to him for puttin' him in a passion, and then this illness came on, and—"

"I'm not afraid to speak to him, Jean," interrupted Peggy; she might have added, no one need fear him now. "I'll ask him what we had better do at once."

The result of this little scene was, that Peggy was empowered to sell as much of the wood as was needful. It had not disturbed her grandfather to be told of the necessity, as she had told him, with her small hand resting in his, and her fearless smile of trust and confidence shining on him. They were not far apart, these two now. The human relation was being merged in a divine relation in which the elder was as the younger.

Peggy lost no time in going down into the village, and taking her way to the shop of Mr. John Frazer, wheelwright and carpenter. A gig stood at the door of the shop, and within stood the wright himself, up to the knees in shavings, talking to a tall old gentleman, who appeared to be waiting while

one of the men examined the wheels of the vehicle, with which something had gone amiss.

Seeing that there was a pause made for her, Peggy stated her business in the simplest way; and the wright, with a great deal of deliberation, informed her that he was not in immediate want of the timber, but would like to have a look at it, nevertheless. If it served his purpose, he might possibly buy it, and find a use for it some time or other. She replied that he might come and look at it at once—the sooner the better, as it was to be sold without delay: and on this he promised to come that very afternoon, if she liked.

The man was a keen buyer, and he smelt a bargain, which was sufficient to tempt him if he had needed the article less than he did. She accepted the promise with thanks, and took her departure.

The wright saw his visitor very politely to the shop-door, watched her a little way up the street, and then, turning to the gentleman, who had witnessed the interview, said, "That's Miss Oglivie o' Delaube; ye'll maybe no' ken her, for she's lived like a hermit up on the hill there a' her life. They maun be ill off, I fear," he added, "or they would na' cut doon the wud."

If the wright had been observing his companion instead of his visitor, he would have noticed a variety of strange expressions passing over his handsome, but usually quite unreadable, face. He had fixed his eyes with the keenest scrutiny on Peggy, as soon as she named the wood of Delaube, and his feelings had varied from vindictiveness to exultation; the latter was uppermost while he listened to the last words. He could have laughed aloud. He was exulting over the man who had wronged him. He had triumphed at last.

But his face wore its usual mask of strong determination, as he said, in reply, "I'll buy the wood, John—as much of it as they like to sell."

"You're very kind, Mr. Haldane," said the wright, rather irrelevantly, it might seem, but wishing to make his listener believe that he thought it was out of compassion he was about to make the purchase.

"It's out o' no kindness," replied Mr. Haldane, roughly; "I want it, man."

It was very easy to see that he meant what he said. John Frazer saw the bargain slipping through his fingers; but Haldane was his oldest and best customer, and not to be gainsaid, so, with the best possible grace, he acquiesced in the proposal that he should go over that afternoon and make a valuation of the wood to be sold, to be purchased by that gentleman.

"Make it as fair as if you were the seller and me the buyer, John," said Mr. Haldane; and it was clear he was in earnest in that too.

"Weel, weel," answered Mr. John Frazer, "there's naebody to look after things but that bit lassie, only it's no every aye that would deal sae kindly by her."

John's little bit of flattery had not the usual effect of relaxing the somewhat stern features of his customer. In truth, it had irritated him almost beyond control, and he took his leave in a not over-genial manner. David Haldane did not find his

triumph wholly pleasant to him—it would have been the worse for him if he could. He knew quite well that this unrelenting hate was a black spot in his soul, and the only good about it was, that he did not attempt to whitewash it. He knew it to be a black spot, and when Mr. Keith would have had him become an elder of the kirk, the man of blameless life and high integrity, with an eye to that black spot, had answered, resolutely, "No."

David Haldane the younger was at a loss to understand the restlessness which had seized his uncle on that particular afternoon. The former sat working at his desk, the latter had taken to pacing up and down the counting-room, with his hands behind his back. At length the old gentleman fairly startled his nephew, causing a long column of figures, just at the summit, to topple over in his brain by halting abruptly before his desk and saying, suddenly, "Would £300 a year satisfy you?"

"For the present perfectly," replied the young man, quickly recovering from the irritation and confusion of the overthrow, and much astonished at the inopportune time which his uncle had chosen for his announcement.

"I mean to add a house to live in," continued that personage, "if it's all right about the ledgy." The younger David smiled, thanked him, and turned to his books again.

Having paced up and down a little longer, the old man came to halt again, as abruptly as before, and asked his nephew a question more startling still. "What would you think of Delaube for a place to live at? you know the house, an easy ride from here," he said.

Had he guessed anything? It was not much, his nephew knew, that could be hidden from those keen old eyes. But the young man replied, after the most approved manner of his country, by asking another question. "What in the world has put Delaube in your head?"

"It'll soon be in the market, or I'm mista'en," answered his uncle, and went on to say that he was there and then waiting for John Frazer in order to accompany him thither, and make a valuation of the wood for sale.

Young David's heart beat with great strokes against his side. On the impulse of the moment he was about to offer to go with his uncle, but just then one of the men came in to say that John Frazer was waiting outside. With a nod to his nephew, the old man hastened away, leaving the former evidently infected with his restless mood.

When Mr. Haldane and John Frazer reached Delaube, they stopped at the foot of the hill, and the latter alone went up to the house, from which he speedily issued again, accompanied by Peggy. They prepared at once for the work before them, Mr. Haldane taking out his notebook, and the wright furnishing himself with a pot of paint and a brush, which he had brought with him in the gig. And first they took a walk round the hill to get a general view of the wood. Mr. Haldane was very silent, but

he could not help saying a few words to the fair girl who led them through it, and pointed out so patiently the finest trees she knew; he could not help looking at her, and seeing that she looked sad as well as patient. And the sadness gave her face—which seemed made for smiles instead of tears—an appealing expression, which melted the old man's frozen manner into something very like kindness; and to kindness from any living creature, Peggy responded like a flower to sunshine.

The last place she led them to was her favourite spot, her wood-chapel, and they had no sooner entered the grove than Mr. Haldane said, "We had better begin here. These are well-grown trees, are they not?"

His companion assented. Peggy stood beside them, white and trembling.

"What do you say, Miss Oglivie?" the wright asked, appealing to her; "may we begin here?"

"If it is all the same," she said, "I—I wish you would leave these."

It was not the "woodman spare that tree" sort of sentiment that prompted the eager words. It seemed to her that the place resolved her painful doubts. She could not bear the thought that it should be swept away. It stood there as a witness for her. It would be easier to believe in faithlessness if it suffered change.

Mr. Haldane was about to insist that these were the very trees he wanted, but, looking sharply at Peggy, he met the appealing look, and desisted.

"It is quite the same where we begin," he said; and they went farther round the hill.

At length, tree after tree appeared marked for the axe with a ring of white paint round the bole; and Mr. Haldane, who had kept summing up aloud the value of the wood, stopped at the sum which Peggy had named, as the extent of the sale. It was only twenty pounds; but wood was cheap in that part of the country, and a goodly number of tall firs had been doomed for this. The purchaser was ready to take more, and Peggy gladly arranged to let him know when any further sale was decided on. He was also ready to hand over the purchase money on the spot; but he wanted a formal receipt, and, not wishing to trouble her grandfather more than could be helped, she asked him to be kind enough to send it ready for signature. This he promised to do, insisting, at the same time, on her receiving the money.

"I'm going down to the works now, and will send it at once."

"You are Mr. Haldane!" said Peggy, with an incomprehensible smile, and holding out her hand to say good-bye.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

WITHIN four narrow, bare, and, it must be confessed, very dirty walls, the manager of the print-works pursued his experiments in colour. It was generally in the mornings and evenings that he occupied himself in this way, often working both

early and late, while the day was consumed in general superintendence.

On the evening of the day on which his uncle had made him the offer of an income, handsome enough in those days and in that part of the country, he had retired to this inelegant, and not inodorous, sanctum. But the young manager was not as usual busy with his bottles and his powders. He was sitting idly swinging in his chair, earnestly contemplating a fierce little fire that burst on the hearth at his feet. He wore a look of intense and pleasant occupation nevertheless. It was with substances more ethereal than pigments, however, that he was engaged. He was mixing the ideal colours of his future life, and the predominant one at present appeared to be *couleur de rose*. He might seem to be looking straight at a dirty bit of plaster, but between him and it there was a world of beauty and of love, and in its charmed centre the face which alone could radiate for him the sunshine of life.

The manager had had a very late night, but it had been necessary for him to get to work again early on the succeeding morning. He had been at it for several hours indeed, when he was called out of his sanctum to see after something in another part of the works. As it was only across the court, however, he left the key in his private door, which was never left unlocked save when he was either within or near at hand.

He had only been gone a few minutes when he returned, and there, like a realisation of his dreams of the night before, seated in the single chair of his inhospitable den, was Peggy Oglivie. She had asked for Mr. Haldane, and the porter had concluded that it must be the younger she wanted, and, finding the key in the door, had ushered her into the sanctum, and hastened in search of him. She was looking round on the shelf of huge volumes lettered "Patterns," and at the assortment of bottles of all sizes, and shapes, and colours which stood about, when he entered.

She rose as he did so, and he met her grave, sweet smile with a rather embarrassed air. It is always trying to meet our dreams in the morning light. Moreover, David Haldane was but a man, and he remembered that he had on a very shabby old coat, and could not help seeing that his hands were not over clean. He looked, it must be owned, rather awkward and constrained as he held out the dirtiest of the hands to show that it was not fit to be taken.

Her smile in return was quite re-assuring, though it might not have been so to a wainer man. She was not likely to notice either his coat or his hands. But her frank eyes looked at himself in an altogether unembarrassed, and therefore unembarrassing, way, as she said, "Good morning," and added, "I have been wondering what you have got in these strange bottles."

"I hope you have resisted any curiosity as to their contents," he replied, recovering himself completely; "there is enough in them to poison half Bleaktown. It is here that I experiment on colours and washes," he explained.

Before he could say anything further, she had taken a folded paper from a little black silk bag which she carried in her hand, and now presented it to him. He unfolded it mechanically.

"This is for my uncle, not for me," he said, seeing a receipt written out in his uncle's half-text hand, signed by Gilbert Oglivie.

"A lad brought it last night, and was to wait for the signature," she answered; "but my grandfather was asleep, and I could not awake him, so I brought it here myself. I should like very much to see the works," she added.

Nothing loath, and telling her that he must lock up that Bluebeard's closet of his, he led her out and shut the door, and taking the key in his hand, proceeded to guide her through the rambling buildings. He took her first through the lower floors, where streams of water were running and pouring in all directions, with men and boys paddling about in them, some with bare feet, and some with clattering wooden shoes, while they transferred long webs of wet stuff from one huge vat to another. Now and then he stopped to explain something, as she stepped daintily over the wet floors; but she only shook her head at him till they were out in the court again.

"It's so confusing," she said, when they were clear of the swishing and splashing. "Is it always like that in there?"

He did not know the drift of her question, and laughed as he answered, "Yes, except that it's sometimes worse."

He had led her through the drying-rooms, where she felt suffocated with the furnace-heat, and then through the printing-rooms, where she could not hear her own voice for the deafening clatter of the blocks, and as yet he knew nothing of the impression it was making on her. He only knew that he was unspeakably happy in having her near him.

Passing through the counting-room and wareroom, they came to a light, airy apartment, whose windows commanded a view of the river, the meadow and the woods beyond. The workers here were few, and the place free of all noise and confusion. It was here that the artistic element of the work was elaborated. At one end of the room a few men were engaged in drawing, or rather copying patterns, while the rest were carving out the wooden blocks used in printing.

"I am obliged to go Glasgow or Manchester, and sometimes even to Paris for designs," he said, as they looked over a book together; "and these we must adapt to the taste of our customers. I might have done something in this department myself," he added, "for I am fond of designing; but there is so much to see after that I have no time."

"You will think me very vain, but I am sure I could improve on this," she said, pointing to one of the designs.

"It is not so easy as it seems," he answered, "to produce something new without being strange, and simple without being tiresome. Look at the hideous things which novelty alone produces, and the stupidity which is the result of want of invention;" and

he put before her some dress-patterns. One resembled nothing so much as a brown crab sprawling over a white ground, and another was an ugly miniature of a cabbage rose, leafless and stalkless.

"I am quite sure I could draw prettier patterns than these," she repeated.

"You would make plenty of money if you could," he replied.

"Will you let me try?" she asked, eagerly.

"Certainly, and be very glad if you can succeed," he answered.

She was evidently quite in earnest, and was soon engaged in a practical study of the best style then in vogue.

The teacher was now as eager as the scholar, for a few strokes of her pencil convinced him of her taste and skill; and it had at length dawned upon him—slow to perceive a personal advantage even in his love—that a new and pleasant path of communication had been opened up between him and the almost inaccessible maiden whom it had been his fate to love.

As they descended the stair—for Peggy speedily remembered that nothing ought to detain her longer from her post at home—they encountered old Mr. Haldane. He was coming out of the door which led from the house into that part of the works; and when

his nephew told him that Miss Oglivie had come to deliver the receipt in person, seeing that the visit was to him, he stepped back with his natural courtesy, and ushered her into the room he had left. She sat down for a moment in the chair he proffered, till he had examined the paper; then she rose and pleaded the illness of her grandfather, as an excuse for hurrying away, offering him on his own hearth her gentle thanks, and her friendly little hand, till he fairly forgot that she was an Oglivie of the Oglivies—forgot, as he looked after her crossing to the gate with his nephew, who had waited to conduct her, and thought what a handsome pair they made, she with her girlish grace and unmistakable ladyhood, and he with his manly vigour and beauty. Then he remembered, and turned from the window with something that sounded like a curse. "I would see him in his grave first! I would sink all I have laboured for at the bottom of the sea!" he muttered, as if in answer to the possibility that entered his mind at that moment. But he put it aside the next, little dreaming that on that possibility his nephew had already staked the happiness of his life, and was ready to lose in pursuit of it anything else fortune or his uncle had to offer.

(To be continued.)

GRANNY'S SPECTACLES, AND WHAT SHE SAW THROUGH THEM.—IV.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM," ETC. ETC.

PHILIP THE PEEVISH.



DON'T like that; it isn't half so nice as the one I had before," said Edith Everley, in a whining voice, throwing down on the table a little sofa, intended for a doll's house.

Grandmamma entered the room at the moment, and putting her hand on Edith's shoulder, said, "Why, Edith, I thought papa had come back a little boy to me; that was just his voice, when I used to call him 'Philip the Peevish.' Aunt Maude had a name given her, and I thought he deserved one as much. Come and hear about him, and forget this small annoyance, whatever it is."

"Yes, grandmamma," answered Edith, though still turning about the little toy with a dissatisfied air.

"What is it that has disturbed my little girl?" said Mrs. Everley, kindly.

"Why, Hannah stamped on my little sofa I bought to carry home for my drawing-room in the doll's house; and she's bought this in place of it, and it isn't half so nice."

"Perhaps not, love; but as it was quite right of Hannah to try to replace what she destroyed, and as her means are not very large, you can but thank her graciously, and make the best of the little toy; which is, after all, better than none. Whining over and grumbling at the one won't bring back the other. What is not to be remedied it is wisest and

best to bear cheerfully. So, come now, and bring your stool beneath the ash, and hear about papa."

Nothing could more readily have dispersed the clouds from Edith's face than this suggestion; and leaving the little sofa to take care of itself, or share the fate of its predecessor, Edith went off into the garden with grandmamma.

"Then this is to be 'Philip the Peevish,'" she said, settling herself comfortably on her stool. "Will you name them all, grandma? It reminds me of the kings, William the Lion, and Philip the Fair, and so on."

"Their names must come with their histories; we must be getting on with our story of to-day, or we shall not have time to finish it."

"All right, granny; I'm listening. 'Philip the Peevish.'"

"Well, Philip had the misfortune to have a nurse who loved him too much; she came to him when he was a poor little sickly baby, and nursed him so tenderly and lovingly, that she was the earthly means, no doubt, of saving his life. Of course, this endeared him greatly to her, and none of the other children, though she loved them all very much, could ever compare in her mind with this darling boy. An affront to him was one to her; and much as she loved me too, she never could forgive me if I ventured to punish or find fault with this idolised child."

"I soon saw the nice harvest she was sowing for herself, and also how she was making my boy the fretful, peevish child he became, and warned her incessantly. I really believe she tried to do as I wished her, and flattered herself she did not spoil the child; but his tears broke down every resolve, and made her give way to him directly. He soon saw this, and became a perfect tyrant to her. If it had not been for the counteracting influence of myself and his father, he would have been quite ruined; but I, Edith, saw through my spectacles the wretched, discontented, fretful spirit which would come of this pandering to his whims; how the little, complaining, whining voice, so often heard in the nursery, would soon grow habitual, and that as he grew older, the impossibility to procure all he desired would render him, not only miserable, but lead to breaking the commandment which bids us not covet or desire other men's goods. What was to be done? To part with nurse, whom we all loved and respected, and who was a second mother to the children, was not to be thought of; to take the boy from her care, equally impossible; he was too young for school, and she would have broken her heart to see any one else have the care of him. It was the subject of much thought and anxiety to me; but I could only come to the conclusion of having him as much as possible with me, to which arrangement she never objected, as she delighted in having him noticed, and taken down-stairs. At first he thought it a great treat; but soon finding each little peevish whim was not attended to, he wanted to return again to the nursery, and I had hard battles to fight to keep him with me. In vain I reasoned with him: the miserable, 'I want this,' 'I don't like that,' 'I'm tired of this toy,' 'I want Nursey,' was for ever sounding in one's ears. At length I thought of an expedient to break him of this wretched trick. Remember, he was very little at the time, and by no means a sharp child of his age, or my plan might not have succeeded as well as it did."

"Oh, granny! what did you do?" said Edith, rubbing her hands with delight. "Go on."

"Well, Edith, one day when poor little Philip had been, as usual, very fretful, I said: 'Philip, I have tried in vain to break you of your foolish, fretful ways,—of that peevish manner of asking for things, and crying for what you cannot have. Now I have heard of a person who undertakes to cure little people of their faults; I fear you will not like her way so well as mine; and, moreover, Philip, she has the most enormous spectacles, through which the faults she sees are so magnified—made so much bigger, you know—that she punishes them severely, according to the size they seem to her. I have sent for her to-day that you may see her, and judge for yourself, whether you would like to have her always with you, instead of dear Nursey. This naughty peevishness is the result of poor nurse's over-kindness, and it is an ungrateful return to her. I must see. I shall ring now, and desire Mrs. Whipwell

to come up.' Accordingly I rang the bell, and desired the servant to show up Mrs. Whipwell, if she had come."

"'Yes,' the maid said, 'she had been waiting some time.'

"With wide-open eyes, the tears still wet on his cheek from a fit of crying for something I had refused him, Philip waited, I have no doubt, with mingled anxiety and curiosity, for the entrance of the terrific Mrs. Whipwell. A heavy tread was soon heard outside, and the door opening, admitted a gigantic woman, carrying in one hand a rod, in the other a coil of rope, and from a leathern bag hanging on her arm, there peeped a number of books, which looked like school-books. Her bonnet was of black silk, in which was bright scarlet flowers; her shawl was scarlet and black; her gown was black; and her hair, or rather wig, as it appeared, was black, done in large formal curls; and on her nose rested the largest pair of spectacles I ever beheld.

"'Be seated, Mrs. Whipwell,' I said; 'this is the little boy about whom I have told you.'

"In a deep, harsh voice, Mrs. Whipwell answered, 'I see him, ma'am; he is big enough to know better than to cry, as he has just been doing, for what he was not allowed to have.'

"'Poor little Philip drew near to me, and took hold of my hand.'

"'He appears but a little fellow to us, Mrs. Whipwell,' I said, 'but I have no doubt through your wonderful glasses he seems big enough to suffer the punishment due to the faults which also seem big to you, and which certainly are very annoying to us. I have merely troubled you to come to-day to see him, and tell me if you can see what his faults are, and if you can cure them, supposing I am obliged to call on you.'

"'Certainly,' replied Mrs. Whipwell; and staring hard at him, she said, 'I can see a peevish, discontented child, growing up into a snarling, fretful man, who will be shunned by all; but I can see that if he begins at once to try, it is possible to overcome these naughty ways himself.'

"'And do you think that if we fail in correcting him, you could break him, Mrs. Whipwell?' I asked, smiling to myself, as the poor child drew closer and closer to me.

"'Yes, ma'am, I believe I could; this rod, or this rope, has seldom failed to master very obstinate cases; these books, which are very excellent ones, on geography, grammar, history, botany, chronology, ornithology, geology, conchology, keep them employed during the intervals of whipping; and I assure you, madam, at the end of a week, I have known a thoroughly fretful, discontented, peevish child, pleased with the commonest toys, happy and cheerful if only permitted to pursue the simplest amusement, which before he had thought dull and stupid. Oh! yes, ma'am, I could cure him; I could cure him, I make no doubt.'

"'Well, then,' I said, 'I have your address, and



I will write and fix the day for you to come. I think we might give the little boy a week's trial.'

"Yes, ma'am, certainly; in a week we cannot expect him to cure himself entirely; but we can see whether he is trying to do so. You will certainly be able by that time to judge whether you will require my services or not. Tuesday next, ma'am, then, I may expect to hear from you," continued Mrs. Whipwell, rising. "And remember, if you please," she said, in a deep, clear voice, "no person—no nurse, no mother—must interfere with me. When once I have the charge of him, he is mine altogether."

"Oh, decidedly, Mrs. Whipwell. Good day. I shall be sure to write." And, with a majestic bow, Mrs. Whipwell left the room.

"Oh! mamma, mamma!" cried poor little Philip, "I will—I will be good. Don't, pray, let that horrid woman come. I won't cry or be peevish, indeed, mamma."

"Well, my boy," I said, kissing him, "I should be very sorry to have her for you, and if I see you

really trying, she shall not come; but you must make up your mind really to try."

"And did he try, granny?" eagerly asked Edith.

"He did, Edith, and succeeded so well that, at the end of the week, we were able to promise him he should not be given up to Mrs. Whipwell's tender mercies."

"But, granny, she wasn't real, was she?"

"Real, dear!" said granny, laughing; "yes, of course; real substantial flesh and blood."

"Ah! but I mean it was somebody dressed up."

"Well, perhaps it was? Can you guess who?"

"Grandpapa?"

"No."

"The nurse?"

"Oh dear no; she was a little woman, this was a gigantic person."

"Oh, I know, I know; that funny man that called himself Humguffin."

"Quite right, Edie; it was Uncle Roger, and, through his so kindly helping me in my scheme, papa lost all claim to the title of Philip the Peevish."